

THE
DEFENDERS

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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THE DEFENDERS™

THE BADDOON
WOMEN ARE FAR
MORE SAVAGE
THAN THEIR
MEN!

UNLESS I STRIKE
SWIFTLY, HULK
AND VALKYRIE
ARE DOOMED!

THREE WORLDS
TO CONQUER!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE DYNAMIC DEFENDERS!**™

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PLANET EARTH, 3015 A.D.: MOST OF HUMANKIND ARE DEAD, AND THOSE WHO LIVE, LIVE AS SLAVES OF EARTH'S CONQUERORS--THE BANEFUL BROTHERHOOD OF BADOON. YET, SMALL THOUGH ITS NUMBERS MAY BE, HUMANITY'S LONGING FOR FREEDOM HAS NOT PERISHED, AND AT THE VANGUARD OF MAN'S STRUGGLE STANDS THE INTERPLANETARY GUERRILLA BAND KNOWN AS...THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY!

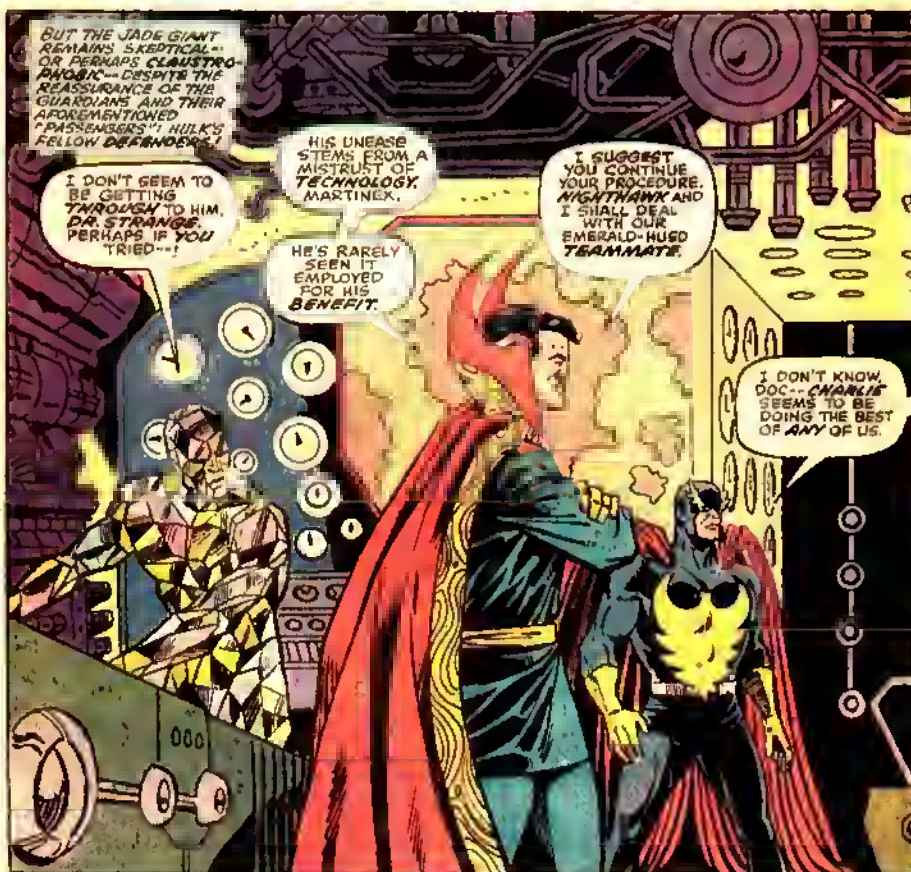
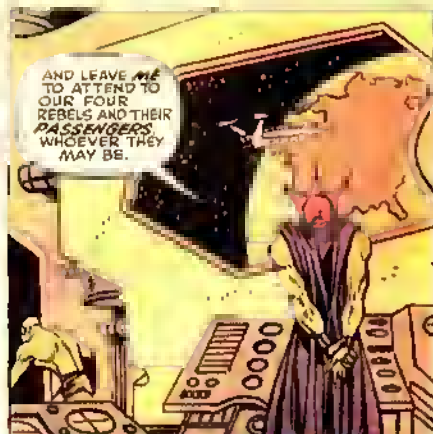
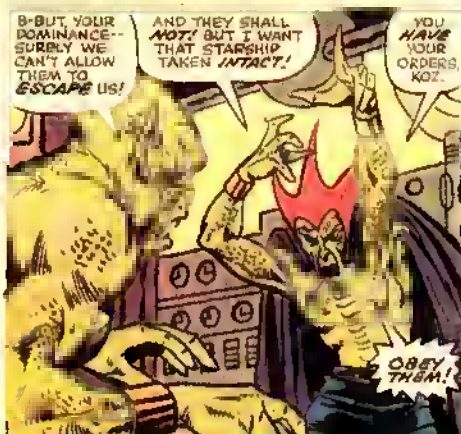
THREE WORLDS TO CONQUER!

JUST AS I TOLD YOU, LORDSIRE DROOM... THE GUARDIANS' SHIP... IN ORBIT ABOUT THE EARTH!

OUR SENSOR-SCAN CONFIRMS *ANY* LIFE FORMS ABOARD. I'VE ALREADY DISPATCHED INTERCEPT CRAFT. & RE, WE...

IMBECILE!! CALL THEM BACK, DO YOU HEART! AT ONCE!!

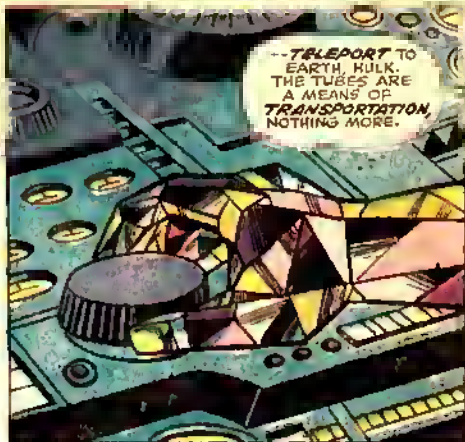
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I'VE A FAR MORE
DRAMATIC END IN
MIND FOR THEM
THAN DEATH BY
MOLECULAR DISPERSION
FIRE.

AND THEY'LL
MEET THAT END
AT THE INSTANT
THEY ATTEMPT
TO--



--TELEPORT TO
EARTH, HULK.
THE TUBES ARE
A MEANS OF
TRANSPORTATION,
NOTHING MORE.



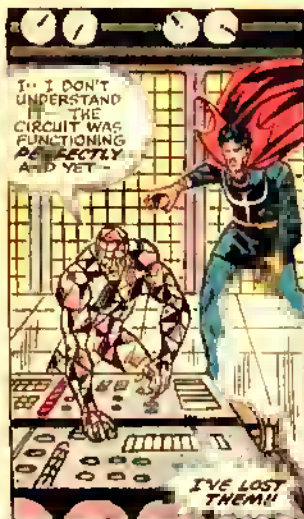
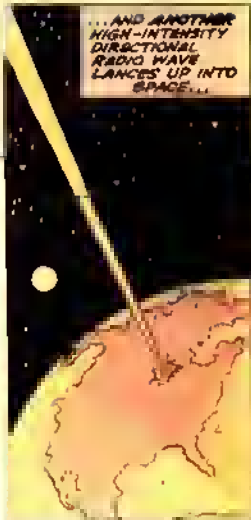
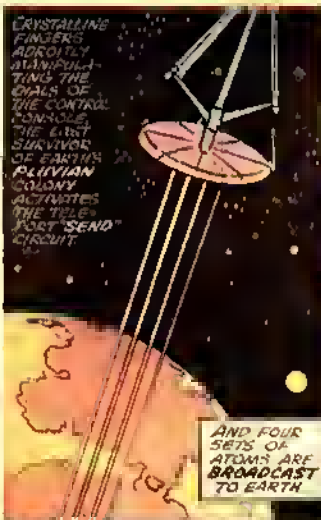
MAYBE GREEN-
SKIN **RELATES**
BETTER TO
ANOTHER TWO-
LEGGED **MACK**
TRUCK.

I'LL ASSUME
THAT'S A
COMPLIMENT.
NIGHTHAWK--

--SINCE I'VE
NO IDEA
WHAT A **MACK**
TRUCK IS.

HULK **STILL**
DOESN'T
LIKE IT.

BUT
LIKE VALKYRIE,
VANCE ASTRO,
AND YONDU-- THE
GREEN BEHEMOTH
UNDERSTANDS
(IF **MINIMALLY**)
THE ENORMITY
OF THE **TASK**
BEFORE
HIM-- AND
SUBMITS.



THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION WOULD LIKELY NOT PLEASE JACK NORRIS. FOR THE WARRIOR-WOMAN AND THE 1,000-YEAR-OLD MASTER OF PSYCHOKINESIS HAVE RE-INTEGRATED-- KNEE-DEEP IN SOME FETID MARSHLAND.

THE WATERS ARE BLOOD RED AND MURKY... THE VEGETATION, A TANGLE OF DEEP PURPLE AND GOLD... THE ENTIRE GESTALT: ALIEN AND FRAUGHT WITH PERIL.

WH. WHAT IS THIS PLACE? SURELY THIS CANNOT BE--?

IT ISN'T. WE WERE SUPPOSED TO 'PORT DOWN IN NEW YORK. AND, VAL--

--WE'RE NOT EVEN ON EARTH!

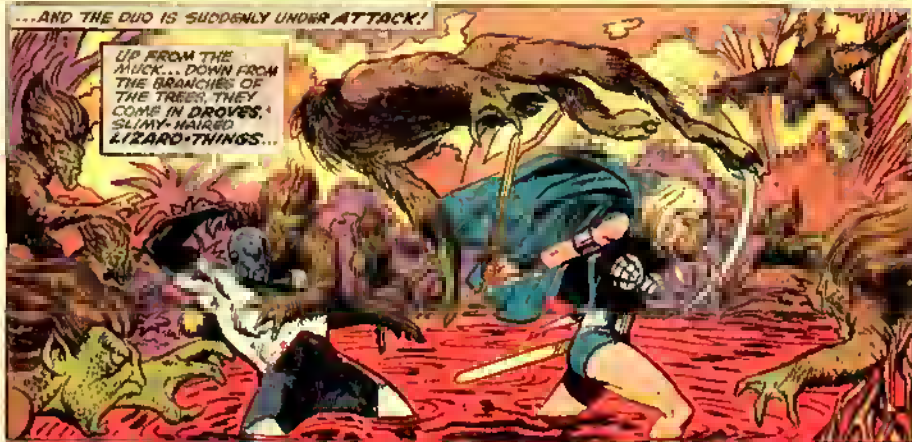
NOT ON-- ARE YOU CERTAIN?

THE PROOF'S UP THERE-- THOSE TWO MOONS IN THE SKY. WE--

BUT BEFORE VANCE ASTRO CAN UTTER ANOTHER SYLLABLE... WEBBED, HIRSUITE HANDS STAB OUT FROM THE LACEWORK OF LEAVES AND VINES...

...AND THE DUO IS SUDDENLY UNDER ATTACK!

UP FROM THE
MUCK... DOWN FROM
THE BRANCHES OF
THE TREES, THEY
COME IN DROVES,
SLIMY-HAIRED
LIZARD-THINGS...



SAVAGE, MINDLESS, AND UNCONTROLLABLY
VIOLENT, AND THOUGH THEIR CLAWS CANNOT
PENETRATE ASTRO'S PROTECTIVE METAL SKIN...



...THEIR SHEER
WEIGHT IS
SUFFICIENT TO
FORCE HIS
GLITTERING
FORM DOWN
INTO THE
MUCK.



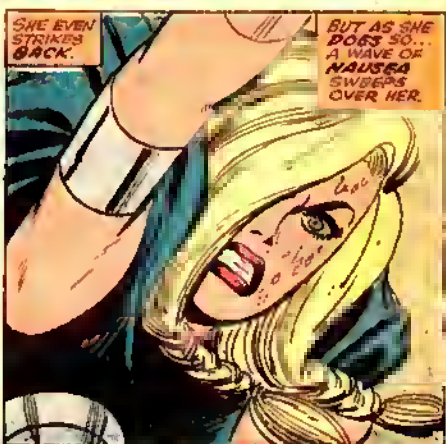
...TO
DROWN.

VAL'S MAGIC-
SPAWNED
STRENGTH IS
GREATER
SHE STANDS
FIRM AGAINST
THE CRUEL
ASSAULT.



SHE EVEN
STRIKES
BACK.

BUT AS SHE
DOES SO...
A WAVE OF
NAUSEA
SWEEPS
OVER HER.

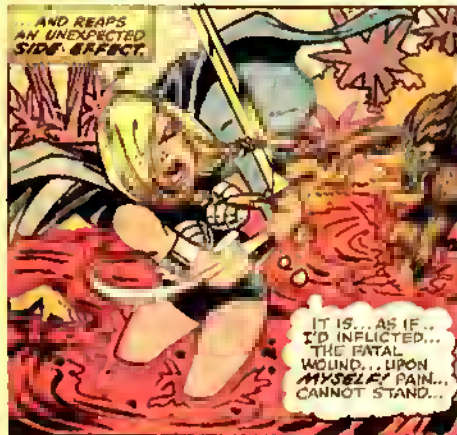


HER THRUSTS GROW WEAKER MORE AWAYWARD.
HER WILL TO SURVIVE SEEMS PITTED AGAINST
SOME OTHER, EQUALLY POWERFUL INSTINCT...



...UNTIL HER
BARE FLESH IS
TORN OPEN BY
THE SWIFT,
STINGING SWIPE
OF BERTILIAN
CLAWS.

AND REAPS
AN UNEXPECTED
SIDE EFFECT.



IT IS... AS IF
I'D INFLICTED...
THE FATAL
WOUND... UPON
MYSELF! PAIN...
CANNOT STAND...

THEN SHE STABS WITHOUT
THOUGHT, WITHOUT
FURTHER QUESTION...



EEGAHH

PAIN SUCH AS SHE HAS NEVER KNOWN SEARS
HER EVERY NERVE, BLAZING A FIERY TRAIL TO
HER BRAIN. SHE DOUBLES OVER... CRIES OUT...
FALLS FACE-FORWARD INTO THE CRIMSON-
CLOUDED WATERS.



AND
THE BEASTS
SURGE
TOWARD
HER CONVULSING
FORM.

WHILE, MERE
YARDS AWAY...



VAL... HAVE TO
GET TO HER...
HELP HER...
SUMMON UP...
CONCENTRATION...

--AND--BLAST
--THESE
--BERSERKERS--



--AWAY!!

FACE OF THE BEASTS' ENORMOUS WEIGHT HE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET, RAVENOUSLY GULPING IN THE HUMID AIR...

...CASTING HIS EYER LEFT AND RIGHT FOR SOME SIGHT OF

VAL!! GOOD LORD-- THEY'RE POUNDING HER INTO THE GROUND!

ONCE MORE, HE REACHED DEEP INTO HIS CONSCIOUSNESS... GATHERING TOGETHER SPARKS OF PSYCHIC FORCE... FUSING... FOCUSING... HURLING THEM OUTWARD THROUGH THE AIR-- PUSHER DATA CONCEALED WEATH' HIS METALLIC HOOD.

OFF-- GET OFF-- HER--



NOW!

VAL-- HERE-- LET ME HELP YOU UP, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? CAN YOU STAND?

I-- AM NOT SURE, FELT-- SUFFOCATING-- FACE IN MUD-- MY SHOULDER-- I THINK-- IT IS BLEEDING, WHAT WERE THEY? WHY--?

I ONLY WISH I COULD...

THEY RESEMBLE THE BADDOON... SAME PHYSICAL CONFORMATION... BUT UNLESS THEY'RE SOME PRIMITIVE OFFSHOOT...

THERE WILL BE TIME FOR SPECULATION LATER, MAJOR.

WHAT-- ANOTHER?

OR SOMETHING SIMILAR



THE WOMAN IS IN NEED OF AID, BRING HER THIS WAY, FOLLOW ME.



WHILE, BACK IN EARTH-ORBIT...!

MARTINEK-- YOU'VE TAKEN THAT PANEL **AAAY** AND PUT IT BACK **TOGETHER** HALF-A-DOZEN TIMES, NOW!

TELL US, ALREADY-- WHAT WENT **WRONG**?!

WITH OUR CIRCUITRY-- **NOTHING**. SOME OUT-SIDE FORCE CAUSED THE MALFUNCTION. THERE'S NO OTHER EX--

AND OUR **FRIENDS**-- WHAT'S BECOME OF **THEM**?

THEY COULD BE **ANYWHERE**: ON EARTH, ON SOME **OTHER** WORLD, OR... **DEAD**. ADRIPT IN SPACE.



MY GOD-- WE **ADMIT** IT!!

HOW CAN YOU ALL JUST **STAND THERE**-- AND LET THIS **ROCK-HEADED FREAK** GET AWAY WITH **MURDER**?!

YOU **CALL** YOURSELVES "**HEROES**" I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO **BE**--



ENOUGH, MR. NORRIS.

WE SHALL HAVE **NO VIOLENCE** HERE, IS THAT **CLEAR**?



WHAT-- WHAT DID YOU **DO** TO ME? I **CAN'T MOVE**!

I SHALL **LIFT** THE **SPELL** WHEN YOU THINK YOU CAN **CONTROL** YOURSELF, SIR



MY **APOLOGIES**, MARTINEK, FOR MR. NORRIS' LANGUAGE AND BEHAVIOR, I'M AFRAID HIS NOTIONS ABOUT **REALITY** ARE STILL SOMEWHAT-- SHALL WE SAY, **LIMITED**.

UNDERSTOOD. LET'S RETURN TO THE **PROBLEM AT HAND**.

LOCATING OUR **FOUR STRAYS**. AGREED I-- HAVE AN **IDEA**--!

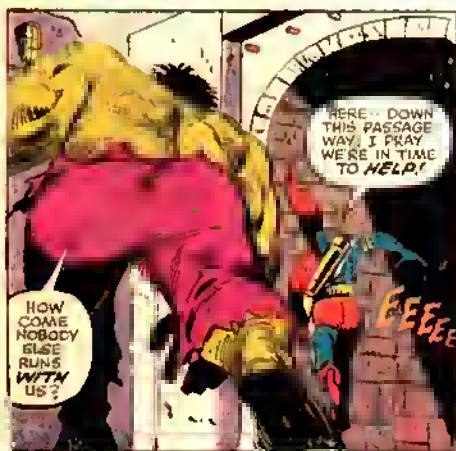
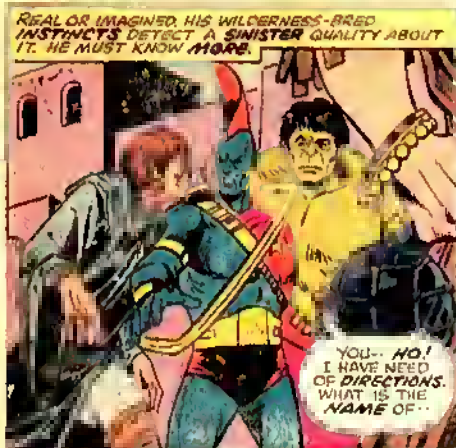
"TAKE ME TO YOUR SENSOR
BANKS!" THE MYSTIC ERLTONS,
AND A PUZZLED BUT INTRIGUED
MARTINEK COMPLIES.

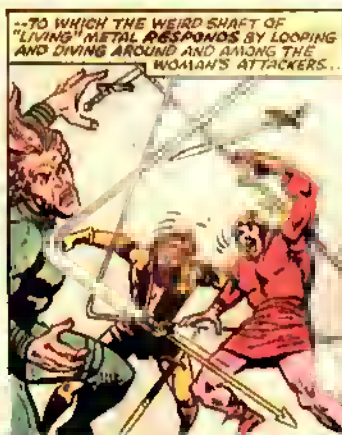
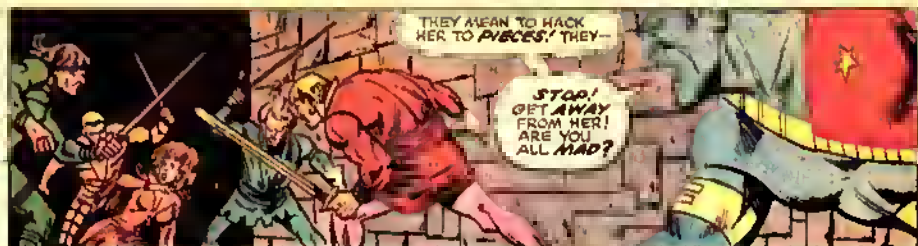
AND EVEN AS
THEY STRIDE
THE STARSHIP'S
METAL
CORRIDORS...

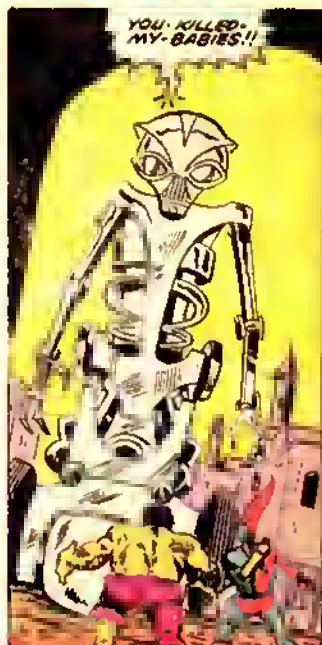
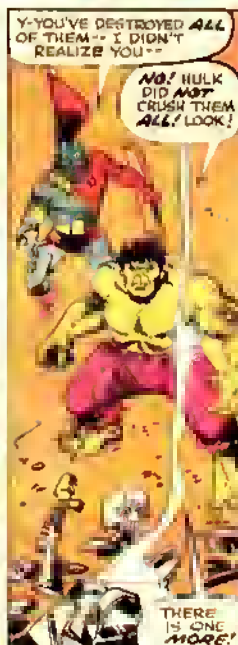
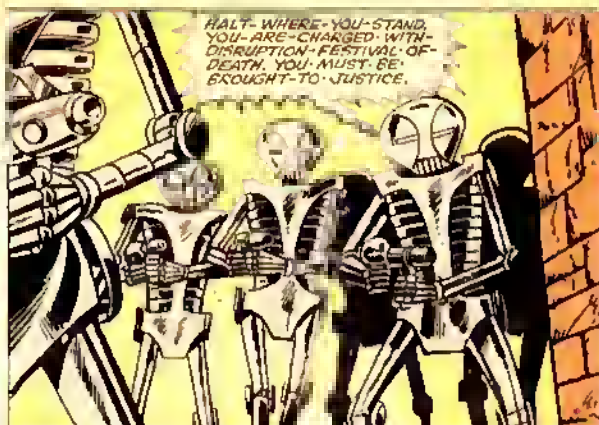
...YONDU, LAST OF
THE CENTAURI-IV
PRIMITIVES, AND THE
HULK, FIRST OF THE
GAMMA-RAY-BORN
PRIMITIVES, MATERIALIZE
AMID A BIZARRE
BACCHANALLIAN
REVEL... ON A WORLD
NEITHER HAS EVER
SEEN.

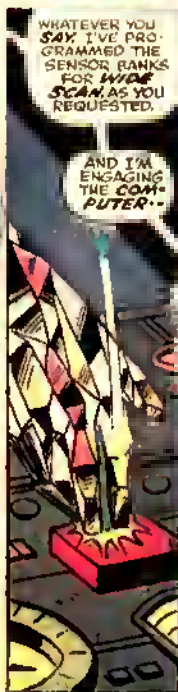
REVOLTING!
GROGGED OUT
OF THEIR MINDS--
ALL OF THEM!

EVER THE NOBLE SAVAGE,
YONDU'S VERY SENSE OF
DECENCY IS OFFENDED BY
THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS
OF THE RECKLESS ABANDON
THAT SWIRLS ALL ABOUT HIM.









THE RESULT IS A FUSION OF MYSTICISM AND TECHNOLOGY: A SORCERER WHO CAN PROCESS AND EVALUATE DATA INPUT WITH MACHINE PRECISION AND SPLIT-SECOND RAPIDITY...



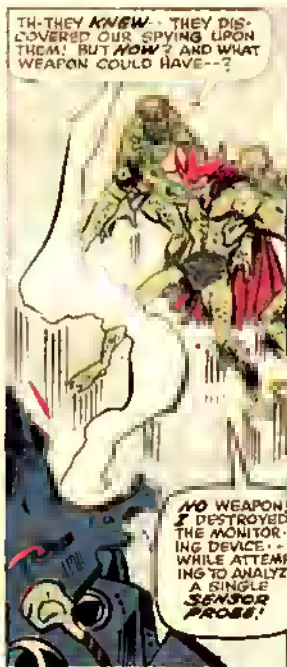
... AND A COMPUTER THAT IS ONE WITH THE UNIVERSE.

TOGETHER THEY REACH OUT, PROBING, SEEKING, TOUCHING, TRAVERSING THE INTERSTELLAR VOID... INTUITION GUIDING LOGIC... EXAMINING WHOLE STAR SYSTEMS AT NERVE-IMPULSE CLIP...

... AND WITH SUCH ENORMOUS POWER THAT IT DEFIES EARTHLY --OR BADOONLY-- MEASURE!



TH- THEY *KNEW*... THEY DISCOVERED OUR SPYING UPON THEM! BUT *HOW*? AND WHAT WEAPON COULD HAVE--?



THEY'VE DEVELOPED SOME NEW POWER SOURCE...





CUT: TO THE SWAMPWORLD,
PARSEC'S DISTANT FROM EARTH.

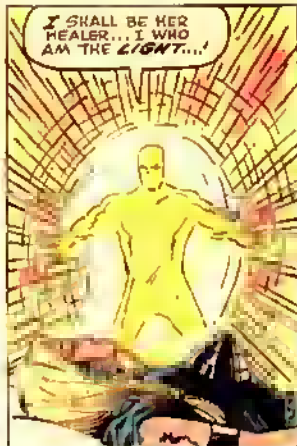
PLACE THE
FEMALE
INSIDE.



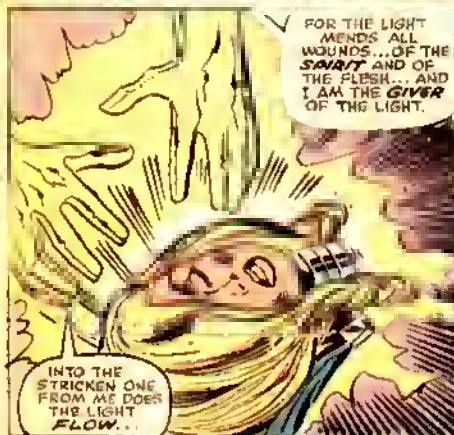
SHE'S LOST A
LOT OF BLOOD.
DO YOU HAVE
MEDICAL
SUPPLIES? ANTI-
SEPTIC? GAUZE?

BLAST IT.
ANSWER
ME!

STAND
ASIDE.
PLEASE.



I SHALL BE HER
HEALER... I WHO
AM THE LIGHT...



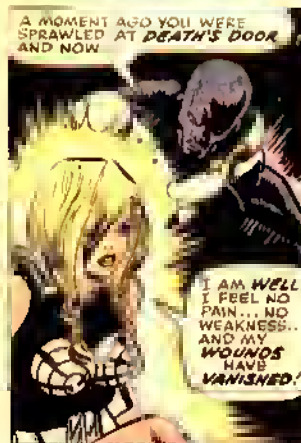
FOR THE LIGHT
MENDS ALL
WOUNDS... OF THE
SPIRIT AND OF
THE FLESH... AND
I AM THE GIVER
OF THE LIGHT.

INTO THE
STRICKEN ONE
FROM ME DOES
THE LIGHT
FLOW...



...THAT SHE MAY
RISE INTO THE
WORLD, WHOLE
ONCE MORE.

I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT...



A MOMENT AGO YOU WERE
SPRAWLED AT DEATH'S DOOR.
AND NOW

I AM WELL.
I FEEL NO
PAIN... NO
WEAKNESS...
AND MY
WOUNDS
HAVE
VANISHED!



HOW DID YOU
DO IT? WHO--
OR WHAT--
ARE YOU?

ARE YOU A
NATIVE OF
THIS PLANET?
YOU LOOK
HUMAN.
AND YET...



THESE
THINGS
DO NOT
CONCERN
YOU.

WHAT MATTERS
NOW IS
THAT
I HAVE
SAVED
THE WOMAN...

...AND
YOU AND
SHE ARE
IN MY
DEBT.

